

BOOKS: AUTHORS: PUBLISHERS: NEWS: REVIEWS: COMMENTS

The Supreme Issue of the War
Set Forth with Compelling Force

Why There Is War

And Why There Must Be War
Until the Beast Is Slain

UTILIZED at home, to send it into Germany. In other words, in an epigram, looted. This is unbecomingly and boastfully dwelt upon and enlarged upon by German authorities, who tell how private property as well as public was confiscated, until the plunderers were embarrassed by the volume of their loot, which they had no storehouses sufficient to contain. Of course, every schoolboy versed in even the rudiments of international law knows that such action is as illegal as—let us say—the poisoning of wells or the ravishing of women.

Germany, says Mr. McClure, has stripped the Belgian people of nearly all their movable property, has "Mexicanized the financial machinery and currency of Belgium," has put to death thousands of Belgian civilians, has deported hundreds of thousands of Belgians into slavery in Germany and is compelling hundreds of thousands of Belgians to aid Germany in her war against Belgium. So says Mr. McClure. But he adds, these facts are substantiated by German authorities, and are accepted by Germany as well as by England and France. Nothing could be more convincing as to the criminality of Germany, in the eyes of international law.

Take another example of the proved falsity of German statements concerning the war. The German Naval Staff in February of last year officially announced that its airships had bombed Liverpool and Birkenhead, causing great explosions and fires, and the German Embassy at Washington had reports of vast destruction wrought by that raid. "As soon as I reached Liverpool," says Mr. McClure, "I was eager to see for myself what had happened. I saw nothing, for nothing had happened. No Zeppelin had ever come near Liverpool, Birkenhead or Manchester." The same testimony was given by a Swedish journalist who had made a most thorough investigation soon after the reported raid. Again, in July and August last, there were official German reports of enormous destruction wrought in London by Zeppelins, including the damage of Thames bridges, the blowing up and burning of whole blocks of buildings in the heart of London, and the killing of thousands of people. "This whole statement," says Mr. McClure, "is pure imagination." So with other stories of other raids: "I made a thorough investigation. I found the English reports purely imaginative." Yet, "the German people absolutely believe these fables."

Obviously here is a tremendous obstacle to peace. The German government has on the one hand violated every law of nations and of humanity, and on the other has perverted the minds of the German people with lies, making them believe that it is Germany that has been wronged, and the Allies that have committed atrocious crimes, and deluding them with the false belief that Germany is winning in the air, on and under the sea, and on the land. With such a state of mind prevailing in Germany, and with the Allied nations knowing the truth, what chance is there of peace? We are thrown back to Bismarck's declaration, that the issues of the day are to be settled not by debates and parliamentary decrees, but by blood and iron. This lucid and convincing volume makes that clear, and Mr. McClure has rendered an invaluable service to the world in putting the war forward at this time. It is a calm, orderly, inexorable exposition of the truth as he discovered it, with chapter and verse of innumerable authorities on both sides for corroboration. It is of especial service to Mr. McClure's own countrymen, for it exhibits to them in living lineaments the savage international beast with which they are now called upon to do battle, to protect their wives and daughters from being raised unto death by a licentious soldiery and their homeland from being transformed into that abomination of desolation which now exists where once were the fairest towns of Belgium and France. All else sinks into insignificance before the one transcendent issue. It is the gross beast of Prussianism against the soul and the civilization of the world.

The Navies of the World

JAMES FIGHTING SHIPS, 1914. An. Remond.

This unrivaled work, now in its nineteenth year of issue, presents a graphic record of the war. There are detailed lists of vessels lost during the war by the British, French, German and other navies, with pictures of most of them.

There are also lists of ships of all navies, with possible details of construction, speed, armament, etc., and pictures, including photographs, silhouettes, sections, deck plans and what not. But of British ships, under the prohibition of the "Defence of the Realm" act, not a single picture or plan of any kind is given. Information of German vessels is of course incomplete, but it is fuller than might have been expected, and it includes photographs of a number of submarines in French and British harbors, made after their capture. The American navy occupies great space, but even that of the smallest power is not slighted. The navy of Italy is treated just as seriously as that of Great Britain or of the United States. It is a book of marvelous research and utility, for reference, and of unsurpassed interest as an illustrated and pictorial exposition of the sea power of the world.

Neither Holmes nor Loring

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914. By Arthur Conan Doyle.

It is perhaps unintentionally significant that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is described in the title page of this handsome volume as the "author of 'The Hound of the Baskin's'."

It is a record of the writing as the credentials of a serious historian, but quite apart from that the omission of those immortal names is logical. For it is not the Conan Doyle of Sherlock Holmes and "The White Company" that writes this history. Physically the same, no doubt, and the same in purpose; but far other in execution. Perhaps it is because the gifted romancer conceived it to be necessary to divorce himself completely from his style as a romancer when he essayed a serious history. With the intent of that separation he can cordially sympathize. But his result we must lamentably regret. For the result is a history which, while eminently dignified and respectable, is sadly dull. The dramatic touch is lacking. The touch of humor is not there. Even when an incident is recorded which would have inspired a Melville or a Tolstoy, the result is a flat, official bulletin. "Quaintly valorous," also, is the picture of Major Powell leading his wing with a badly repinned sash and using a cottage chair for a crutch, upon which he sat down between rushes. "Valorous, indeed; but could the consummate artist of Sir Nigel give us even in three lines so better a picture than that?"

However, the name and the authority of Sir Arthur invest the book with interest; it provides a connected and coherent chronicle of the operations along the British line in the western front during the five months of 1914; the maps and plans are numerous and useful; and the work will fill a prominent place among current war books, until the definitive history of the great conflict shall be written.

Lessons in Empire-Building

ENGLAND'S WORLD EMPIRE. Some historical and geographical facts. By Alfred Holt.

Mr. Granger is neither Anglomaniac nor Anglophobe, and his book is in no sense propagandist in purpose. It aims to present an impartial, dispassionate account of the ways and means by which England has created and maintained her vast empire, especially in her dealings with minor and subject peoples, and to draw therefrom lessons of practical value to the United States in its problems with which it is confronted.

Some of the author's assumptions probably will be challenged. The so-called "Will of Peter the Great" has not the authenticity with which he seems to credit it, but was sheer invention, long after Peter's death. It would have been well to explain more fully the origin of the famous telegram to Paul Kruger at the time of the Jameson Raid, which he says confidently that the German Emperor did not write, and also to tell how it was that Delcasse and Grey prevented friendship between Germany and France in 1911. Statements so interlarded with these deserve more detailed treatment.

These times of challenge. \$1.25 net. 325 poems selected and translated by LOUIS UTERMAYER. Octavo. \$2.00 net.

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The greatest historical novel yet written by an American. The novel is a favorably reviewed by The Nation, New York Evening Post, Boston Herald, and is now more talked of in high literary circles than any novel of the year.

The Nation Standard says: "The Supremo" is a very rare kind of novel. It is a most convincing work of very great personality and re-creates the scene in which that personality held sway. It is vivid, picturesque and strong, a lasting work of art.

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Life's Comedy and Tragedy
Portrayed in Current Fiction

A Slav-Teuton Drama

John Huss and Jerome of Prague
Made to Live Again

THE TORCH BEARERS OF BOHEMIA. By V. I. Kryshanovskaya. Translated from the Russian by Julius M. Seltzer. 12mo. pp. 275. Robert H. McNamee & Co.

Huss is the hero of this great historical romance; which we call great not merely because it was crowned with Honorable Mention by the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petrograd, but because of the extraordinary impression which its intrinsic qualities produce upon the reader. For in its luminous and impassioned pages Mme. Kryshanovskaya truly makes the early fifteenth century in Bohemia live again. In reading them we are not conscious of the great gift of time which separates us from the days of Huss and of Jerome of Prague. They and their comrades are made contemporary with ourselves; or we are made in spirit theirs; and this is being done without our ever being permitted to suspect the slightest anachronism. Of that phenomenon the explanation is simple. The book portrays the vital and fundamental passions of humanity, and those passions are perennial and perpetual.

But the work is not merely entrancing romance, as such, a vivid renaissance of Bohemian life as it was at the beginning of the Hussite wars, and a dramatic portrayal of the careers of Huss

and Jerome. It is a book of modernist Jewry is here interpreting the plight rather than the opportunity of a race, and at the same time bringing under focus more than one ethical perplexity to which the human spirit has fallen heir. An attractive, genial minded, justice loving youth of twenty-four becomes rabbi of an uptown church in Baltimore, whose ritual is based on a frank rationalism. Between the members of the wealthy congregation and the poor Russian Jew of the ghetto there was the social interval that only organized charity could attempt to bridge. The chief concern of this well controlled narrative is with the sanguine young minister, and counter with a trades dispute, his disillusionment and his compulsion to set his deliverances in a lower key. "I'd rather you'd be happy than be able to see things straight," says a Gentile girl who has engaged his affection. "You were never born to do both." A trenchant character is drawn in David Gordon, a Mephistopheles of a lawyer, who half succeeds in showing that in his own way he also can be doing "God's work." The author has an almost uncanny gift of piercing to the marrow of human motives, and there is in his writings an incalculable element prophetic of greater things to come.

The Plight of Jewry

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE. By Sidney L. Noyes. (The Final Verdict.) The Centenary. 4th ed. 8vo. pp. 342. J. R. Lippincott Company.

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A Child and Some Grown-Ups

THE MIDDLE PASTURE. By Mathilde Rieber. (The Middle Pasture.) The Centenary. 4th ed. 8vo. pp. 342. J. R. Lippincott Company.

It is not an easy thing to tell a story after the manner of a child, particularly when the story relates essentially to the interests and doings of grown-up folk. That is the task to which the writer of this book addressed herself, and which she has performed uncommonly well. The story is told by a harum-scarum "fapper," who conceives it to be her mission to compose family feuds, regulate courtships, and generally to be the guardian of the social and domestic welfare of the community. There are all kinds of childish pranks and adventures, at times verging upon the tragic, but all invariably marked by the instinct with the true spirit of childhood, and related just as such a child would relate them.

The Ruck of the City

HER OWN SORT AND OTHERS. By Charles Belmont Davis. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 322. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Davis has given us in this handsome volume some stories of undoubted power and fascination, with many genuine touches of human interest. They are not lacking in dramatic elements, and in parts there is a wistful pathos all but irresistible. But it is on the whole a painful picture of metropolitan life which they present. Amid all the splendor and gaiety the skeleton at the feast cannot be hidden. Says the master-figure in the strongest of the tales:

This town poisons you. Some of us live through it, and some of us die, but we all die with it in our system. And the worst of it is that it isn't confined to New York—this town ought to be segregated, but you can't segregate it. It's the fountain-head for the rotten books and the dirty plays and the stories of the gay life and the Great White Way, and the romances of fortunes made overnight on the stock market; and the rotten plays and the tales of Broadway and Wall Street are sent scurrying over the country like bad blood chasing through the veins of some great fine brute of an animal. It's an octopus, I tell you, an octopus, and its dirty tentacles stretch to every village in America.

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Miss Gertrude Hall

"Aurora the Magnificent": The Century Company.

and Jerome. It is equally an exposition of the development of that elemental and irreconcilable antagonism between the Czechs and Germans which for five hundred years has been a source of domestic and international disaster. The dramatic touch is lacking. The touch of humor is not there. Even when an incident is recorded which would have inspired a Melville or a Tolstoy, the result is a flat, official bulletin. "Quaintly valorous," also, is the picture of Major Powell leading his wing with a badly repinned sash and using a cottage chair for a crutch, upon which he sat down between rushes. "Valorous, indeed; but could the consummate artist of Sir Nigel give us even in three lines so better a picture than that?"

Brava, Aurora!

AURORA, THE MAGNIFICENT. By Gertrude Hall. 8vo. pp. 412. The Century Company.

"Pleased to meet you," Mrs. Helen Aurora Hawthorne, bouncing Betsey that you are, exuberant a lady as ever came under the fell clutch of too sudden wealth. Forgive the inquisitiveness, but did you ever, in an earlier incarnation, follow the circus? As Miss Gertrude Hall informs us, you were derived from the sand hills of Cape Cod, finished your education in East Boston, strove and suffered in Colorado, and then, your day having come, you came to the established Anglo-American circles of Florence. What a grand villa it was in which you and your school-marm companion installed yourselves! How near the poor with your squandering bounties! How highly you diverted your compatriots by frequent lapses from what you called their pennynickety way of talking into sheer nonsense in the way of becoming a morbid and pedantic ass, how fortunate for him that you ever came to town! And your reverent regard for plain home and a native place that came to the proof and did not preach. Then your love story as Miss Hall has told it, or as her Cockney lover would sing it. "There was a Lady loved a Squire, and Aurora, the first you got into served you right well. 'Well, here's a pretty howdy! If every time I stay away for days and days, what am I going to do?'"

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WILT THOU TORCHY

By Sewell Ford

Illustrated by Frank Snapp and Arthur William Brown

To the Folks

who know

TORCHY

I take real pleasure

in announcing

that Sewell Ford's

latest book

"Wilt Thou Torchy"

is a regular

stem-winder.

To the Folks Who Don't—

"What's the use? The answer is, there isn't any. You cannot review 'Torchy' save by beginning with the first line of the first page and going right through to the last line of the last page. Even then you will want to go back and repeat various little episodes, particularly those in which 'Vee' and 'Auntie' figure. 'Old Hickory,' too, and 'Dudly' and 'Waldo,' and the rest are all lasting delights."

—New York Tribune.

At all bookstores. \$1.35 net.

EDWARD J. CLODE, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK

Brief Notices

Some Recent Publications and New Editions

"Dumb-Bell of Brookfield," by John Taintor Foote (Appletons), is a series of dog stories, full of canine nature, and of human nature, too. The latter may be a little overdrawn. Men and women do not as a rule take even prize dogs quite so seriously. But there is nothing mawkish in it, and there is much fine humor.

"Surnames," by Professor Ernest Weekley (Dutton), is a compendious treatise on the origin, geography and what not of English surnames. The comprehensiveness of the work makes us gasp with wonder, and with admiration at the painstaking research needed in its preparation. It is so packed with facts, however, about almost every conceivable name, that it is dry reading, and will be of most service as a work of reference, for which use it is adapted through the addition of an index.

"The Diplomat," by Guy Fleming (Longmans, Green & Co.), is, on the whole, the best work of fiction that author has yet produced. It is a tale of English society, club life and official life, with less exaggeration than most writers are likely to employ, and with a sufficient amount of action and of mystery to hold the attention from first to last.

"The Princess of Let's Pretend," by Dorothy Donaldson (Calhoun), is a collection of fairy tales up to date and adapted to modern life, with illustrations from moving picture films, the latter being somewhat more relevant to the text than are most of those specially drawn by artists.

"The Road to Castaly," by Alice Brown (Macmillan), is a collection of poems, lyrical and dramatic, in a great variety of metres and on a great variety of subjects